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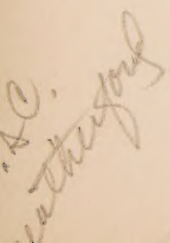
My NAME Is JOHN



The beast began to run, and dragged the cask after him

My Name Is JOHN

A Book for Boys named John

By

MARGARET FRY

Drawings by

LENARD HOLMES

THOMAS S. ROCKWELL COMPANY
CHICAGO
1930

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CONTENTS

For John	7
The Many Names of John	8
Johnny	9
Sleepy John	10
Johnny Appleseed	19
Johnny Jump-Up	22
Johnny-Cake	23
Johan and the Water Nymphs	28
Jerry and James and John	37
John the Baptist	38
My Son John	39
Little John	40
Ride Away	44
Hans in Luck	45
Sing! Song!	52
Famous Johns in America	53
John Paul Jones	59
Johnny	63

FOR JOHN

THIS book is written for all the little boys in the world who are named John. Gathered here are all sorts of merry poems and songs and tales of other Johns in the real and make-believe world. There are stories about little boys in far-away countries who are called John in their own language—the French Jean sings a marching tune for you, German Hans goes his luckless way, and Swedish Johan learns it is always better to be gay than cross. You will hear about good things that have been named after you—the yellow corn bread that cook calls Johnny-cake and the funny little flower that is named Johnny-Jump-Up. And because you are still a small John and haven't had a chance yet to grow up and do great things, there are some stories of famous men who were named John too. Perhaps when you are old enough to be a hero, someone will add your brave deeds to those of the other Johns that are in this book.

THE MANY NAMES OF JOHN

HUNDREDS of years ago in the land of the Hebrews, the name John was first heard. It meant "Grace of the Lord" in the Hebrew tongue, and that is the meaning it has kept ever since. Nearly every country has a namesake of the original John. The English tongue includes as well as plain John,—Jonathon, Jack, Johnny and Jenkin. The Scotch has a John, a Johnnie and its famous Jock. The Welsh call their lads, Jan or Jenkin, and those Irishmen who speak the ancient Gaelic tongue have named their children Ian. In Germany there is a Johanne and a Hans to keep up the name John. Jan is Dutch. Johan is Danish and Swedish. Hansel is Bavarian. Janos is Hungarian, while Jonas is Lithuanian. In Russia, John is called Ivan, and perhaps strangest of all is the Italian John who has the

Hats the Johns of many countries wear

long title of Giovanni. In France there is Jean and in Spain, Juan.

Many girls' names have grown out of the name John. In English, we have Joan, Jane, Johanna, Joanna, Jenny and Janet. In Scotch there are Jean and Jessie. In Spanish, Juanita, and in other lands there are many more names that are closely related to the foreign Johns.

JOHNNY

Johnny's too little to whittle,
Give him some raspberry jam,
Take off his bib, put him into his crib,
And feed him on doughnuts and ham.

SLEEPY JOHN

A Czech Folk Tale

ONCE there was a lad named John and wherever he went he used to fall asleep no matter what time it was. One day he came to an inn where some farmers were feeding their horses. The cart was empty and John thought at once that it would make a fine bed. So he crept into it and lay down on the straw where he soon fell fast asleep. After the farmers had driven some distance, they noticed John asleep in the cart.

"What in the world shall we do with him?" they said.

"Well—there is the beer cask we are carrying," suggested one of them, "why not put him in it and leave him in the forest."

And this they did, shutting John in the cask as if he belonged there and then drove off.

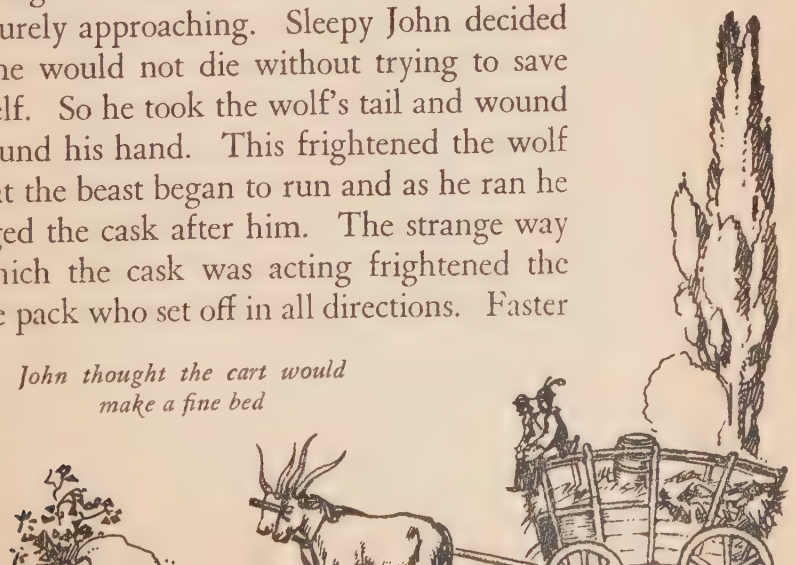
John went on sleeping in the cask for a long time. Suddenly he woke up and found to his astonishment that he was cramped into very close quarters.

"What bed have I chosen now?" he thought wonderingly.

Soon he discovered that he was inside a cask but he had no idea how he had got into it and neither did he know where he was. While he was thinking this over he heard a low pad of footsteps running about the cask and peering through a small hole in the side he saw a great number of wolves gathered around him.

One of the wolves, bolder than the others, pushed his tail through the hole and Sleepy John began to think that the hour of his death was surely approaching. Sleepy John decided that he would not die without trying to save himself. So he took the wolf's tail and wound it around his hand. This frightened the wolf so that the beast began to run and as he ran he dragged the cask after him. The strange way in which the cask was acting frightened the whole pack who set off in all directions. Faster

John thought the cart would make a fine bed



and faster ran the wolf dragging the cask. At last John heard a loud crash and the sound of splintering. He knew that the cask must have hit a rock and that it was breaking apart. So he let go of the wolf who kept on running as fast as ever until it was out of sight.

John looked around him. He found himself in a wild mountain region. He began walking about the rough mountainsides and there he met a hermit. The hermit said to him. "You may stay here with me. In three days I shall die. Bury me then, and I will pay you well for it."

So John stayed with him and when the third day came the hermit who knew that he was going to die, gave him a stick saying: "In whatever direction you point this stick you will find yourself." Then he gave him a knapsack, saying: "Anything you want you will find in this knapsack." Then he gave him a cap, saying: "As soon as you put this cap on, nobody will be able to see you."

Then the hermit died and John buried him.

John gathered his three gifts together and

started forth. First he lifted the stick and said: "Let me be instantly in the town where the king lives." At once he found himself on the cobbled streets of the palace city. He saw many people flocking about the gateway of the court and he crowded nearer to hear what was being said. And this is what the people were telling one another—that the queen suffered a strange illness. Every night she secretly left the palace, taking with her a dozen pair of shoes. During the night she wore out the dozen pair of shoes yet nobody was able to find out where she went, though the cleverest knights had tried to follow her track. The king had offered a great reward to anyone who could tell him where the queen went. This was why the people crowded to the castle gate—lords and knights and peddlers and peasants. They all were on their way to the king to offer their services to spy upon the queen. So Sleepy John went too. After awhile the line that he was following got shorter and shorter and suddenly he found himself before the king.

"What is it?" the king asked crossly, for he

was tired of all this nonsense from the queen.

"I have come to offer to trace the queen," answered John.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"I am Sleepy John."

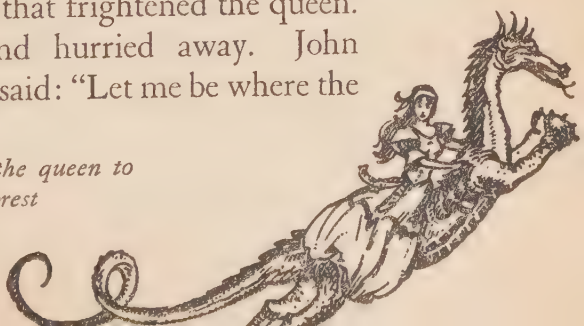
"And how are you going to trace the queen if you sleep all the time?" said the king. "If you fail to trace her you will lose your head."

John answered that he would try to trace her all the same.

That night the queen went to bed in one room and John went to bed in the corridor outside her door. He did not go to sleep but when he heard the queen's door open he pretended so be in deep slumber. The queen heard the sound of his breathing and lit a candle. Seeing this servant sleeping outside her door angered her. She bent down and scorched the soles of his feet to make sure that he was asleep and not able to follow her. John did not stir though the fire burned painfully. The queen saw that he still breathed deeply and so taking her twelve pair of shoes in her hand, she tiptoed down the corridor.

John got up and put his cap on. Then he pointed his stick and said: "Let me be where the queen is."

Now, when the queen came to a certain rock, the earth opened before her and two dragons came to meet her. They took her on their backs and carried her as far as the great Lead Forest. Then John who could not keep up with the flight of the dragons, pointed his stick and said: "Let me be where the queen is," and instantly he was in the Lead Forest too. He broke off a twig to prove to the king that he had been there and put it in his knapsack for safe keeping. But when he broke off the twig it made a shrill sound as if a bell were ringing. The queen heard the ringing and was frightened. She hurried on. Then John pointed his stick and said: "Let me be where the queen is." And instantly he found himself close behind her in the depths of the Tin Forest. He broke off a tin twig and put it in his knapsack and again there was a ringing sound that frightened the queen. She turned pale and hurried away. John pointed his stick and said: "Let me be where the



The dragon carried the queen to the Lead Forest

queen is," and instantly found himself at her side in the midst of the Silver Forest. So he took a silver twig. At the sound of the ring the twig made, the queen fainted. The dragons hastened on, carrying her on their backs. John followed and they came to a green meadow.

Here in the green meadow a crowd of gnomes came to meet them and they revived the queen. There was a great feast. Sleepy John wondered how to disguise himself and suddenly he saw the cook's cap lying on the grass. He put it on and no one knew who he was so that he was able to eat at the feast with the others. When the banquet was over, the gnomes began to dance with the queen. They danced and they danced and they kept on dancing until she had worn out all twelve pair of shoes. When the last pair was worn out, the dragons took her on their backs again and returned to the place where the earth opened before her. John said: "Let me be where the queen is." By this time she was walking toward the gateway of her own palace. Then John wished himself outside of her door

and when the queen reached the corridor she saw the servant sleeping there just as she had left him.

In the morning, the lords and the people of the village gathered together before the king and the king asked whether any one present had tracked the queen. There was a great silence until Sleepy John broke it by saying:

"Gracious Lord King, I have tracked the queen. I know what she did to wear out the twelve pair of shoes."

"What did she do?" cried the king.

"She danced upon the green meadow with a whole company of little men," said Sleepy John.

"The gnomes!" cried the courtiers, "the queen is bewitched!"

"How do you know?" said the king.

Then John took from his knapsack the leaden twig and said: "The queen was carried by two dragons to the Lead Forest and there I broke off this twig."

The king said: "But you might have made the twig yourself."

So John produced the tin twig from his knapsack and said: "The queen left the Lead Forest and drove to a Tin Forest Forest and there I broke off this twig."

The queen grew pale as she heard the words of Sleepy John, but the king said again: "You might have made even this twig."

So John produced the silver twig and said: "Afterwards the queen drove through the Silver Forest and when I broke off this twig she fainted and then it was that the dragons carried her to the green meadow where she danced with the gnomes."

"He is too poor to have any silver to make a silver twig," cried the courtiers.

The queen, seeing that all was known, cried out: "Let the earth swallow me!" and she was swallowed by the earth.

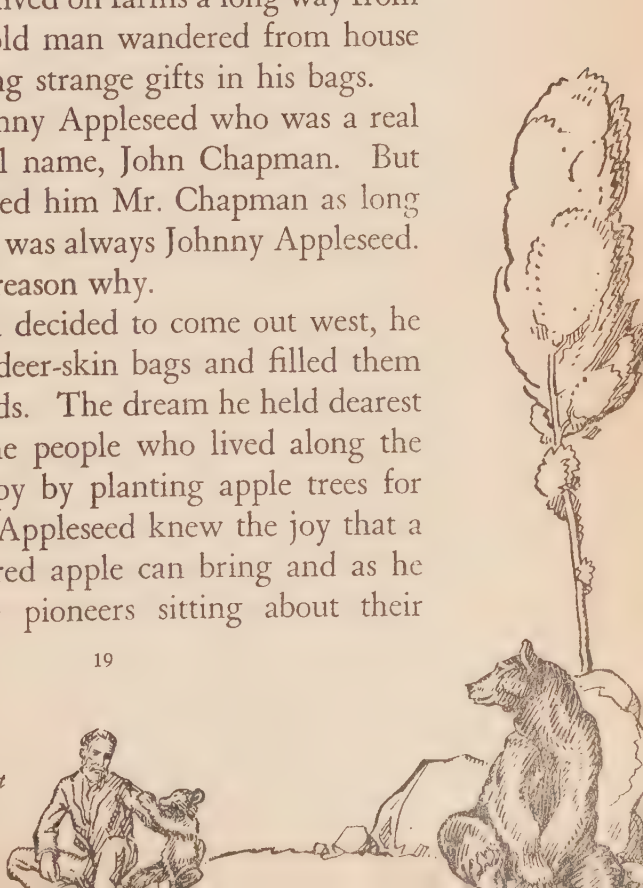
Sleepy John got half of the kingdom in reward; and later when the king died, the other half became his, too.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

IN THE DAYS when our country was still a wilderness, and the brave pioneers who came westward lived on farms a long way from each other, an old man wandered from house to house bringing strange gifts in his bags.

This was Johnny Appleseed who was a real man with a real name, John Chapman. But no one ever called him Mr. Chapman as long as he lived. He was always Johnny Appleseed. And this is the reason why.

When he had decided to come out west, he had taken two deer-skin bags and filled them full of apple seeds. The dream he held dearest was to make the people who lived along the Ohio river happy by planting apple trees for them. Johnny Appleseed knew the joy that a round shining red apple can bring and as he thought of the pioneers sitting about their



A mother bear let him play with her cub

Even the Indians let Johnny Appleseed go his way unharmed, planting seeds as he went

lonely firesides at night, fearful of what the long and dreary winters might bring, he knew that an apple to munch would be a great comfort to them.

Every year, Johnny Appleseed went back home to the east to gather more of the precious seeds. Then he lifted his load on his back and tramped back to Ohio. He was just as much a builder in his way as the sturdy pioneers were, and he built something that was ever so much more lasting. He went his way, bare-footed, hatless, in the heat and the snow. He feared nothing and the story goes that a mother bear would let him play with her cubs without harming him. Even the hostile Indians let the strange old man go his way untouched.

The finest memorial that Johnny Appleseed could ever wish for himself are the old gnarled orchards in the middle west, that grew up many years ago from the little brown apple seeds that the kindly old man planted.

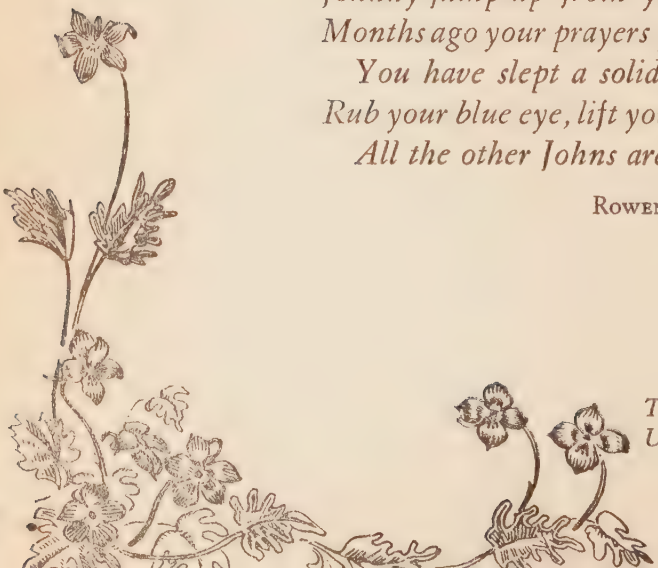
JOHNNY-JUMP-UP

Johnny-jump-up from your bed.
All the little stars are dead—
Stars of frost that sharply shone
On your roof of stick and stone.

Johnny, do not hug your feet.
April folded up your sheet,
Threw away your snowy pillow,
Called for you the pussy willow.

Johnny-jump-up from your bed.
Months ago your prayers you said.
You have slept a solid year;
Rub your blue eye, lift your head—
All the other Johns are here!

ROWENA BASTIN BENNETT



The Johnny Jump-Up is a violet that looks like a little pansy

JOHNNY-CAKE

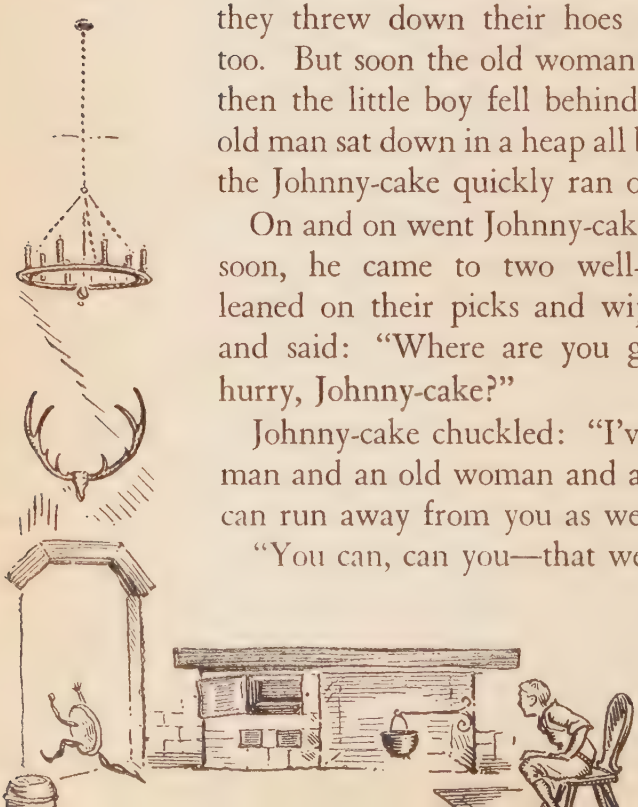
ONCE upon a time there was an old man and an old woman and a little boy. One morning the little boy said: "Mother make a Johnny-cake—ple-e-ase," and the old man said after him: "Mother make a Johnny-cake—ple-e-ase." So the old woman made a Johnny-cake. After she had measured and stirred it and put it in the oven to bake, she said to the little boy: "You watch the Johnny-cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden." So the little boy was left to tend the oven while the old man and the old woman went out in the garden to hoe. At first the little boy watched very well and he saw the Johnny-cake begin to turn a golden brown. There was a delicious smell in the whole cottage. But after awhile he forgot the Johnny-cake and looked the other way. Then he heard a loud noise.

He looked up and saw the oven door open and out jumped the Johnny-cake. Faster and faster the Johnny-cake ran, his legs twinkling, out of the door of the house. The little boy ran after him. Down the steps, down the path and out into the road ran the Johnny-cake with the little boy chasing after. "Mother!" he cried. "Father!" he cried, "come quickly and chase the Johnny-cake." The old man and the old woman saw what had happened and they threw down their hoes and gave chase too. But soon the old woman fell behind and then the little boy fell behind and at last the old man sat down in a heap all breathless. And the Johnny-cake quickly ran out of sight.

On and on went Johnny-cake and soon, very soon, he came to two well-diggers. They leaned on their picks and wiped their brows and said: "Where are you going in such a hurry, Johnny-cake?"

Johnny-cake chuckled: "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and I can run away from you as well!"

"You can, can you—that we shall see," they



Out jumped the Johnny-cake

said, and they dropped their picks and ran after him but hard as they ran they couldn't catch up to him and soon they fell far behind.

On and on went Johnny-cake and soon, very soon, he came to two ditch-diggers. They leaned on their spades and wiped their brows and said: "Where are you going in such a hurry, Johnny-cake?"

Johnny-cake chuckled: "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and I can easily run away from you as well!"

"You can, can you—that we shall see," they said, and they dropped their spades and ran after him but hard as they ran they couldn't catch up and soon they fell far behind.

On and on went Johnny-cake and soon, very soon, he came to a bear. The bear said, "Where are you going in such a hurry, Johnny-cake?"

Johnny-cake chuckled: "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers, and I can run away from you as well!"

"You can, can you—that we shall see,"

The bear trotted after Johnny-cake 21200

growled the bear and trotted after Johnny-cake as hard as he could but he couldn't catch up and soon fell behind.

On and on went Johnny-cake and soon, very soon he came to a wolf. The wolf said, "Where are you going in such a hurry, Johnny-cake?"

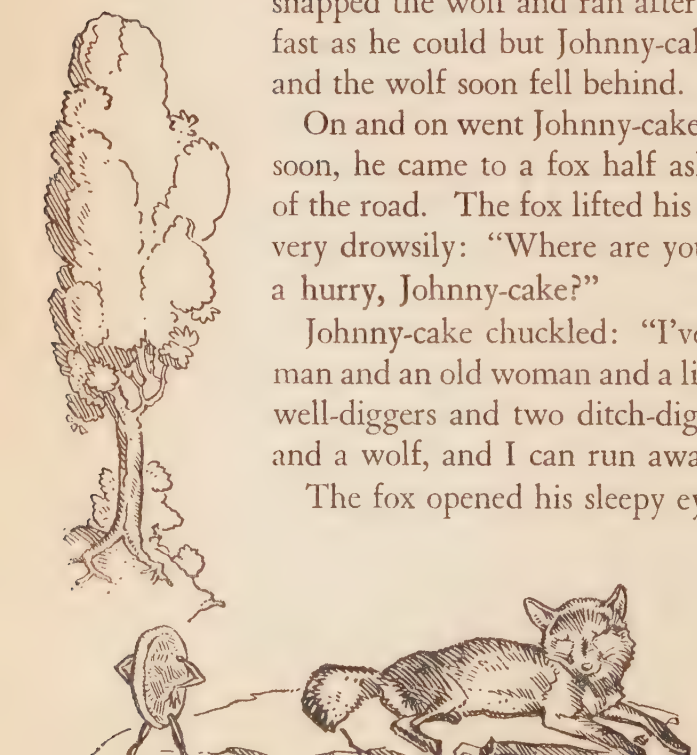
Johnny-cake chuckled: "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers and a bear, and I can run away from you as well!"

"You can, can you—that we shall see," snapped the wolf and ran after Johnny-cake as fast as he could but Johnny-cake ran very fast and the wolf soon fell behind.

On and on went Johnny-cake, and soon, very soon, he came to a fox half asleep by the side of the road. The fox lifted his head and called very drowsily: "Where are you going in such a hurry, Johnny-cake?"

Johnny-cake chuckled: "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers and a bear and a wolf, and I can run away from you."

The fox opened his sleepy eyes and said: "I



He came to a fox half asleep

can't hear you, Johnny-cake. Come a little closer and speak a little plainer and then I shall know what you are talking about."

Johnny-cake stopped running. He went closer to the fox and called loudly: "I've Outrun An Old Man And An Old Woman And A Little Boy And Two Well-Diggers And Two Ditch-Diggers And A Bear And A Wolf, And I Can Run Away From You As Well!"

"What is that you are saying," said the fox crossly. "If you would only come closer and speak a little plainer I should know what you are talking about."

Johnny-cake came very close and said very loudly indeed: "I'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN AND AN OLD WOMAN AND A LITTLE BOY AND TWO WELL-DIGGERS AND TWO DITCH-DIGGERS AND A BEAR AND A WOLF, AND I CAN EASILY RUN AWAY FROM YOU AS WELL."

"You can, can you—that we shall see," the Fox opened his mouth and snapped up the Johnny-cake who never chuckled again.

Johnny-cake never chuckled again

JOHAN AND THE WATER NYMPHS

The Story of a Swedish John

THE miller's son, Johan, was a cheerful lad. He sang all day long as he worked in his father's mill. It was a fine mill and people from all over the countryside brought their grain to be ground there.

When Johan grew up, his father gave him the mill for his own. But now Johan forgot to sing, and he slept late in the morning and let his men work hard instead of working hard himself. Soon people gave up coming there with bags of grain for they thought that a mill could not be very good if the miller was never to be seen.

With no meal to grind, Johan had to let his men go. The mill was very silent and lonely.

Retold from "The Mill and the Water-Nymphs," in Old Swedish Fairy Tales by Anna Wahlenberg, translated by Antoinette D. Patterson, by permission of Penn Pub. Co.

And then came the greatest trouble of all—the mill stream began to dry up. If the river disappeared the mill would never be able to grind again.

One evening poor Johan sat in a corner of the empty mill wondering what to do with a stream that was drying up more and more every day. He began to think he would have to give up his mill and go to work for another master. But the thought of leaving his home made him sigh deeply. He knew now that he loved the mill very much.

Suddenly Johan heard a sigh as big as his own in the opposite corner. He looked up in surprise but could see nothing but an empty meal sack lying there. It must have been an echo he had heard, he decided. In a moment he sighed again. Once more an answering sigh came from the opposite corner. This time Johan ran over to see what it was. And there in a corner he saw an old grey rat, very thin and bony with bright black eyes.

"Was it you who sighed?" asked Johan.

"Yes, who else could it be?" said the rat.

"Why are you sighing?" Johan asked.

"For a very good reason," said the rat, "when the mill was working, there used to be plenty of spilled meal in this place for us to eat. I lived very well with my wife and children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. But now that there is no meal, the young ones have all left, my poor wife is dead, and I sit here nibbling the few grains that you drop and starve to death."

"Yes, and soon the stream will be dried up and that will be the end of both of us," said Johan sadly.

"It is the water-nymphs' fault," the rat nodded wisely.

"The water-nymphs?" Johan cried in great astonishment.

"Yes—haven't you ever seen them riding in their chariots of mist? The poor queen of the waters has told me that they have all forsaken her. The water always follows the path of the nymphs. That is why the stream is drying up beside your mill."

"Well, I certainly have looked at the mill

stream all my life and never seen a water-nymph yet," said Johan.

"Amazing," said the rat, "but then you mortals have such poor sight. Now if only you could see I would tell you of a beautiful sight. I heard from a field-mouse who ran past a little while ago that the water-queen has sent for all the nymphs. This very evening she is holding a council to find out why they have left your stream."

"Oh, if I could only go and listen and see I would learn what is wrong with the mill-waters," said Johan.

"I might lend you my spectacles," said the rat, "for a long time I have used a kind that are easy to get and very satisfactory."

Johan watched the rat and saw him run around the mill looking for something. Soon he went up to a broom and took a birch leaf that clung to it. He bit two holes in the leaf with his sharp little teeth and then gave the funny spectacles to Johan.

"I think if you will look out of the mill door you may see the water-nymphs arriving. It is

nearly time for the council with the water-queen," the rat said.

Johan did as he was told. He looked down at the stream and he saw something that he had never seen before during all the years he had lived at the mill. Swimming about in the water were the loveliest young creatures with silvery dresses of spray. They splashed and played and whirled about. Soon they formed a circle and Johan saw a beautiful maiden rise on the crest of a wave. This must be the queen. She was loveliest of all, but her face was very sad. She spread out her slim arms and greeted the water-nymphs.

"My children," she said, "I have called you hither to ask you why you have gone away from this lovely stream. Is it not as pleasant as it was before? Does it not still flow through blooming meadows and shadowy groves? Don't you think it is as silver and as beautiful as ever?"

The water-nymphs looked at one another shyly. Finally one of them came forward and said to the queen:

Johan looked and saw something he had never seen before in all his years at the mill

"Oh yes, most gracious queen. It is surely as beautiful as ever, but it is so dreadfully tiresome. We used to be able to dance all day long. The miller's son whistled and sang and all the men followed his example. But now it is all over. The men have gone away and Johan is never gay. It is not much fun to stay where there is no music for our dance."

"The queen looked very sad. Johan, who watched, was very uncomfortable.

"Some of us have gone to a stream where the women beat their clothes on the washing-stones and sing as they work. It is lovely music for dancing."

"We have gone to a river where the lumberjacks send down the logs. How loudly they sing! It is great sport," cried another nymph.

"Why should we stay here with cross, surly Johan?" they all pouted.

"I know how you feel," said the water-queen sadly, "But you must not go away and leave poor Johan entirely alone. The mill could never grind again. Stay and dance and you will see Johan glad and gay once more."

At this all the small water-nymphs laughed. There wasn't one of them who believed Johan could ever be gay and singing again. They turned and begged the water-queen to come with them as they started their dance away from the mill.

"No," said the water-queen, "I cannot forsake poor Johan and the beautiful woods and meadows that have been our home."

Johan was grateful. He and the queen would never desert the mill no matter what happened, he vowed. He saw the mist-chariots harnessed to the midge-flies vanish from sight. The good queen waved her hands in farewell and Johan turned away so that he would not see the sad look return to her gentle face.

That night Johan did not sleep well. He thought of the poor queen that had been deserted. It was his fault—all of it. How stupid he had been to stop singing.

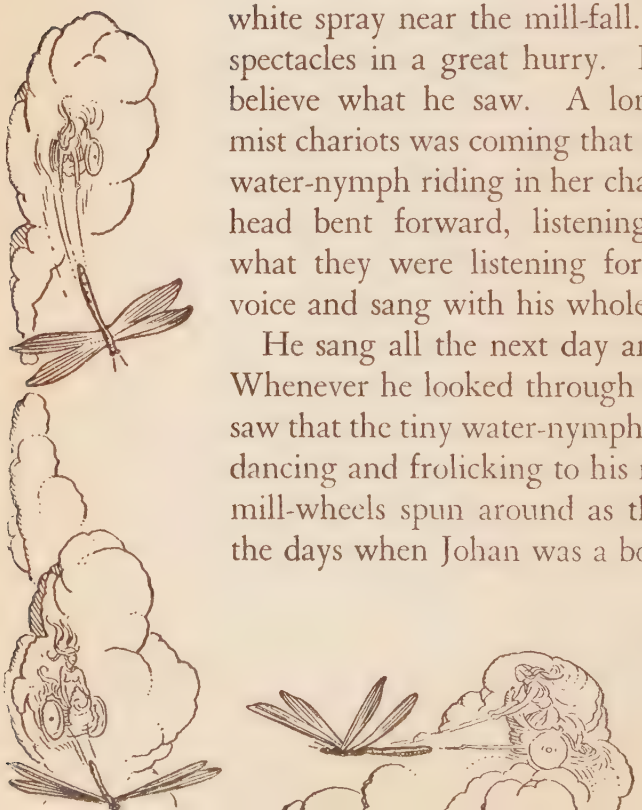
In the morning he took the last sack of grain and began to grind it. Suddenly he thought that it might cheer the lonely queen if he sang something to her.

"If she is only around now, and can hear me," he thought as he trilled merrily.

Soon he remembered the spectacles that the old rat had given him. He put them on and peered down at the stream. Yes, sure enough there was the lovely water-queen. She glided upon the water and smiled to herself as if she truly enjoyed his song.

Johan sang louder than ever. All day he whistled his tunes. Suddenly he noticed a white spray near the mill-fall. He put on his spectacles in a great hurry. He could hardly believe what he saw. A long procession of mist chariots was coming that way. Each little water-nymph riding in her chariot sat with her head bent forward, listening. Johan knew what they were listening for. He lifted his voice and sang with his whole heart.

He sang all the next day and the day after. Whenever he looked through the spectacles he saw that the tiny water-nymphs were still there, dancing and frolicking to his music. Soon the mill-wheels spun around as thay had done in the days when Johan was a boy. The farmers



A long procession of mist chariots was coming

who passed that way saw them working and heard Johan singing. They thought that any one with so much life and spirit must have a very fine mill. Once more they began to come in long lines with their seed to be made into meal. The mill became the best one in the countryside again. And Johan never forgot, no matter how busy he was, to sing for the small water-nymphs and their good queen.

JERRY AND JAMES AND JOHN

There was an old woman had three sons
Jerry and James and John;
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost, and never was found;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

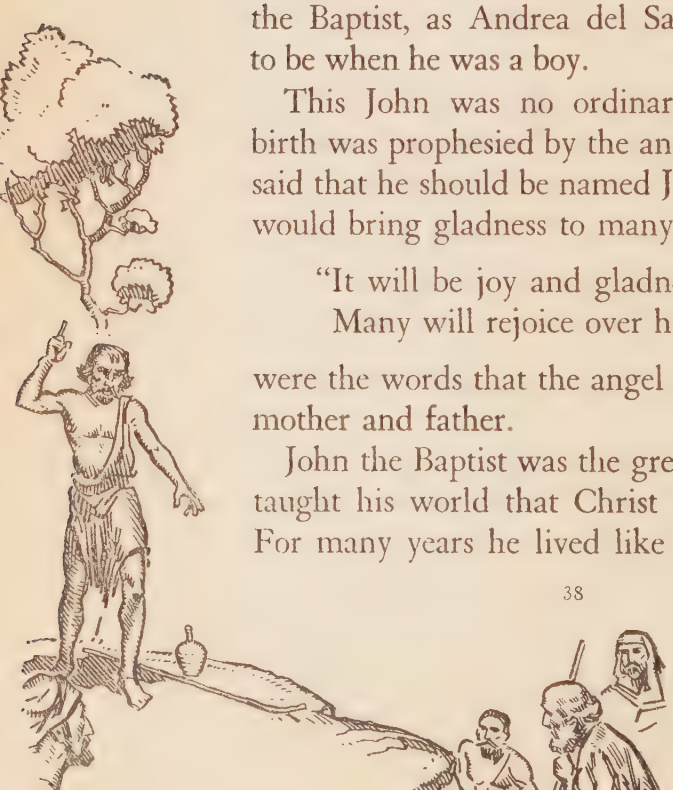
A FAMOUS Italian painter, Andrea del Sarto, painted a portrait of a beautiful boy. The face in the painting shows an earnest strong young spirit, marked by tenderness and all that is fine and true. It is the face of John the Baptist, as Andrea del Sarto imagined it to be when he was a boy.

This John was no ordinary mortal. His birth was prophesied by the angel Gabriel who said that he should be named John and that he would bring gladness to many.

"It will be joy and gladness for you,
Many will rejoice over his birth. . ."

were the words that the angel said to the boy's mother and father.

John the Baptist was the great preacher who taught his world that Christ was to be born. For many years he lived like a hermit in the



He preached the coming of the Saviour

loneliness of barren lands, eating locusts and wild honey and wearing rough animal skins to protect him from the weather. But as soon as he knew that Christ was to be born, he left the desert and came to the villages and cities of the land where he preached the coming of the Saviour. He was a great and heroic figure and one of the greatest preachers the world has ever known. A strange death awaited him. At the command of a court dancer whose mother had been rebuked by John the Baptist, the great prophet was beheaded. But his name lived on through the ages until this very day when he is called a Saint.

MY SON JOHN

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his stocking on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

LITTLE JOHN

THE sun shone in the forest glades, and the gay outlaw Robin Hood said to his merrymen: "I' faith, good comrades, I have heard tell of a fine fellow whom I should like to meet. He is called Little though his limbs be large. They say that he reaches full seven feet tall and that his name is John. Whoever hears his name is set a-quaking."

"Little John, the tall man—faith, master, have a care," said Will Stutely anxiously, "he is said to be slow to anger but marvelously angry when he once begins."

"I must meet this fellow," Robin Hood smiled, "perchance he would be a welcome newcomer in our band. Tarry here, good comrades, but should you hear me blow upon my horn, come quickly for it means that all is not well with your master."

"Aye, Aye," they agreed, but they wished rather that he had taken them along instead of venturing on so foolhardy a deed by himself.

Through the shadowy groves strode Robin Hood, and sometimes he sang a merry song:

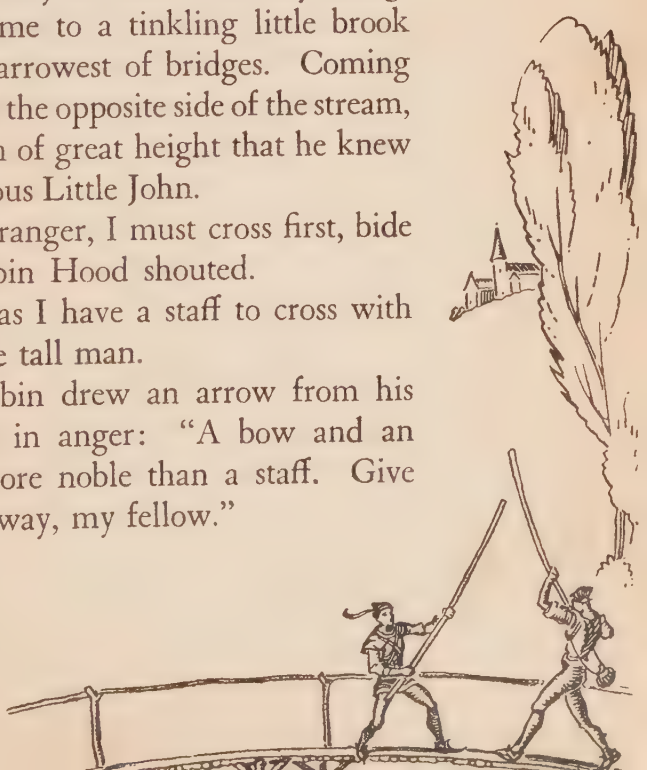
"In summer when the shawes be sheen
And leaves be large and long
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the small birds' song."

Thus very merrily he made his way along. And soon he came to a tinkling little brook crossed by the narrowest of bridges. Coming toward him from the opposite side of the stream, Robin saw a man of great height that he knew must be the famous Little John.

"How now, stranger, I must cross first, bide your time!" Robin Hood shouted.

"Not as long as I have a staff to cross with me," retorted the tall man.

With that Robin drew an arrow from his quiver and said in anger: "A bow and an arrow is ever more noble than a staff. Give me the right of way, my fellow."



They followed blow on blow

"A cowardly threat," said the stranger in scorn, "for should you shoot with your arrow first, I could never lift a hand to my staff. If you carried a staff as well, fair fighters we would be."

Robin Hood threw down his bow and jumped lightly from the bridge into a thicket of trees. There he chose a staff of good ground-oak. Returning in a trice, he said:

"Lo, a staff I have, then, to meet with your own. Let us fight upon this very bridge that has caused our quarrel. Whoever falls in the brook will admit himself the lesser man and he who can keep to the bridge is the winner."

"A fight that suits me with all my heart," said Little John.

They fell to without more dispute. At first Robin hit Little John so that the tall man's bones seemed to ring, but the outlaw chief was soon paid back by a smart blow in return.

They followed blow upon blow as if they were threshing corn. Fury and pain drove them on until they could scarcely see what they were doing. Suddenly Little John gave a

tremendous blow. He lost his balance but regained it quickly. When he had righted himself and made ready to plunge once more at his opponent, he saw that the bridge was empty before him.

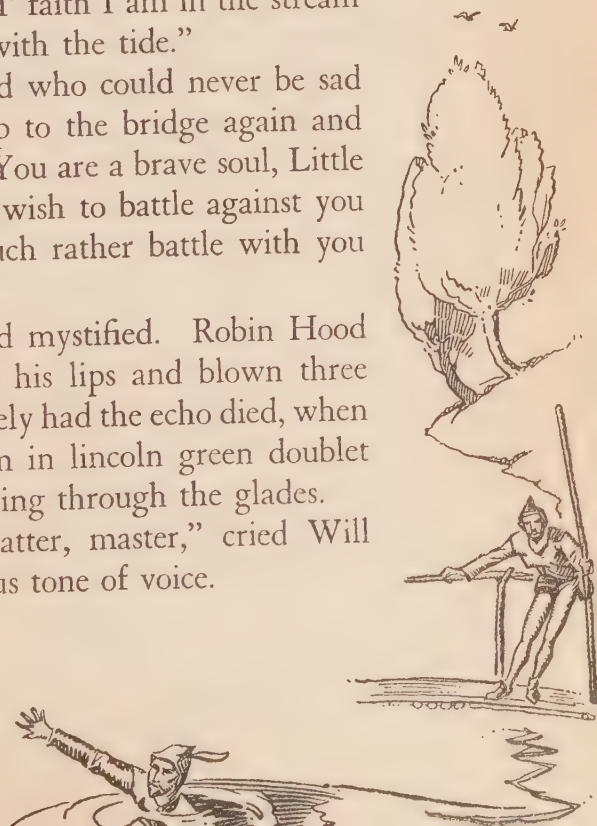
"I prithee, good fellow, where are you?" he cried in surprise.

There was a great splashing and spluttering beneath the bridge and at last Little John heard a voice say sadly: "I' faith I am in the stream and floating along with the tide."

Then Robin Hood who could never be sad for long, jumped up to the bridge again and laughed merrily. "You are a brave soul, Little John, and I do not wish to battle against you again. I would much rather battle with you on my side."

Little John looked mystified. Robin Hood had put a bugle to his lips and blown three blasts loudly. Scarcely had the echo died, when many stout bowmen in lincoln green doublet and hose came rushing through the glades.

"What is the matter, master," cried Will Stutely in an anxious tone of voice.



"I am in the stream"

"Nothing, good Will. I have fought a fight with the famous Little John and been well drubbed by him."

"He shall not go scot-free," cried the outlaws, lifting their bows.

"Ah, but he shall if he will be as free as an outlaw," smiled Robin Hood. "Come, stranger, will you join our band?"

And Little John who had often dreamed of doing that very thing, answered gladly that he would. The whole world knows that he became the closest comrade of the outlaw, Robin Hood.

RIDE AWAY

Ride away
Ride away
Johnny shall ride

And he shall have pussy-cat tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog tied to the other;
And Johnny shall ride to see his grandmother.

HANS IN LUCK

The Tale of a German John

AFTER seven long years of service, Hans said to his Master: "Master, my day with you is done. Will you give me my wages that I may go home and see my mother?"

"You have been faithful and good in serving me," his Master answered, "and I will pay you well."

He took forth a piece of silver as big around as the round head of Hans. Hans received it joyfully, and putting it in his pocket-handkerchief, threw the pack on his back as if it were a bag of old clothes. Then bidding his Master farewell, the faithful servant left the house where he had served so long and turned toward his own home.

As he walked lazily along the road, he saw a man come riding down the highway.

"Hm," thought Hans, "how nice he looks."

And then he went on speaking his thoughts aloud: "What a fine thing it is to ride horseback. Imagine sitting on a horse's back as calmly as if you were on a chair. And how easy it is on the soles of the shoes, to be sure."

The horseman heard his words. "Well, Hans, why don't you ride a horse, then, too?"

"I have this great load to carry," said Hans, "to be sure it is silver but it is so heavy I can scarcely hold it up. A horse would break beneath it. I' faith my shoulder nearly breaks now from the great strain."

"What do you say to changing?" said the horseman. "You give me the silver and I will give you the horse."

"With all my heart," said Hans: "and glad to get rid of it, I am. But I warn you, it is heavy to carry. You had better think twice before taking it."

"I do not mind," said the horseman, smiling. "Now listen to me. Here is the bridle. When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loudly and cry 'Jip!' "

Hans was pleased. He sat on the horse and

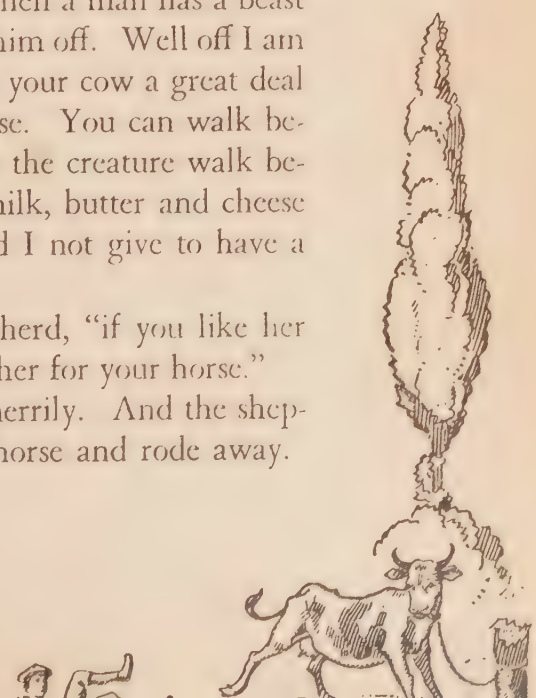
Before he knew it he was thrown off

rode merrily along the highway. After awhile he thought he would like to go fast, so he smacked his lips as the horseman had told him to and said "Jip!" The horse went galloping off so suddenly that before Hans knew what had happened, he was thrown off and lay in a ditch by the roadside. His horse would soon have been out of sight if a shepherd who was coming by with a cow had not stopped the galloping runaway.

Hans got to his feet and felt to see if there were any broken bones: "Ah me," he said, "this riding is no joke when a man has a beast that stumbles and flings him off. Well off I am and off for good. I like your cow a great deal better than I do my horse. You can walk beside a cow and not have the creature walk beneath you. She gives milk, butter and cheese every day. What would I not give to have a cow like yours!"

"Well," said the shepherd, "if you like her so well, I will exchange her for your horse."

"Done!" said Hans merrily. And the shepherd jumped upon the horse and rode away.



The beast gave him a kick on the head

Hans drove off with his cow and was very pleased with his new bargain.

On and on they went. The road was very hot and dusty. Hans got thirstier and thirstier. "Stupid that I am," he said laughing, "I will milk my cow and quench my thirst." So he tied her to the stump of a tree and held his leather cap to milk into. There was not a drop to be had! He tried again, but matters became even worse. The beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down senseless.

After awhile a butcher came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow.

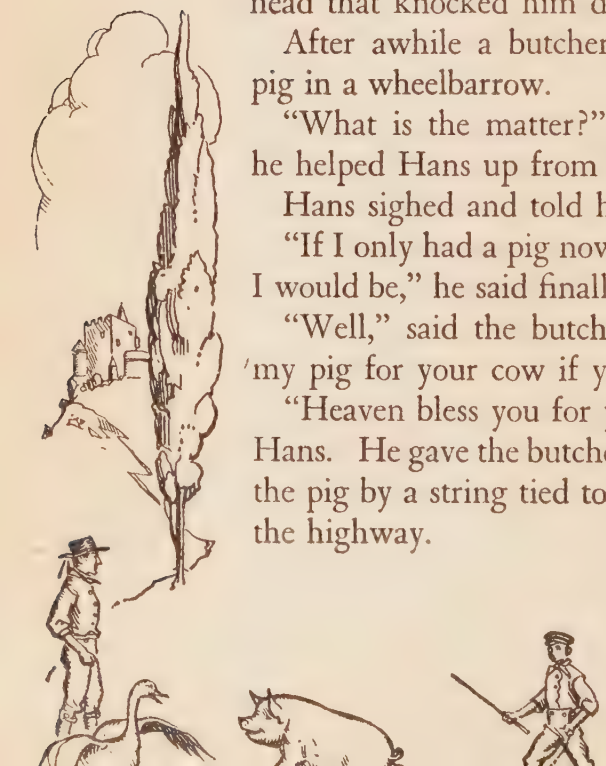
"What is the matter?" the butcher said as he helped Hans up from the ground.

Hans sighed and told him all about it.

"If I only had a pig now, how much happier I would be," he said finally.

"Well," said the butcher, "I will exchange my pig for your cow if you like."

"Heaven bless you for your good will," said Hans. He gave the butcher the cow and taking the pig by a string tied to its leg, started along the highway.



"Suppose you have the squire's pig?"

On and on he trotted. All seemed to be well until he met a man with a fine white goose under his arm. Hans stopped to talk and soon told the stranger the good luck he had that day.

"Yes, yes," said the stranger, "it sounds very well, but my good friend, supposing your pig gets you into a scrape as well. The village yonder has a haughty squire living in it. Not long ago he had a pig stolen from his sty. Supposing that this is the squire's pig. He'll throw you into the pond if he catches you."

"Oh dear—what shall I do?" said Hans, very frightened indeed. "Good man, help me out. Take my pig and give me your goose in exchange."

"Very well," said the stranger.

Then Hans went his way, very happy indeed. He thought that he had the best of the bargain after all. He would have a roast, goose-grease to last for six months and beautiful white feathers to line his pillow. Thinking these very pleasant thoughts, he reached the village. There was a scissor-grinder working at his wheel and singing a song:

"O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world
is my home;
Who so blythe, so merry as I?"

"Your work must be pleasant," said Hans, "or you would not sing so gay a song."

"My work is a gold mine of riches," said the grinder, "but where did you get that beautiful goose?"

"I exchanged a cow for it."

"And where did you get the cow?" said the grinder as he turned the wheel.

"Oh, I exchanged a horse for it," said Hans.

"And the horse?"

"I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that."

"And how did you happen to have so much silver for your own?"

"I worked seven long years for it," said Hans.

"What good is a goose," said the grinder. "How much better to own a grindstone as I do. Then you can make money all day long the rest of your life."

"What wouldn't I give for one like yours," said Hans sadly.

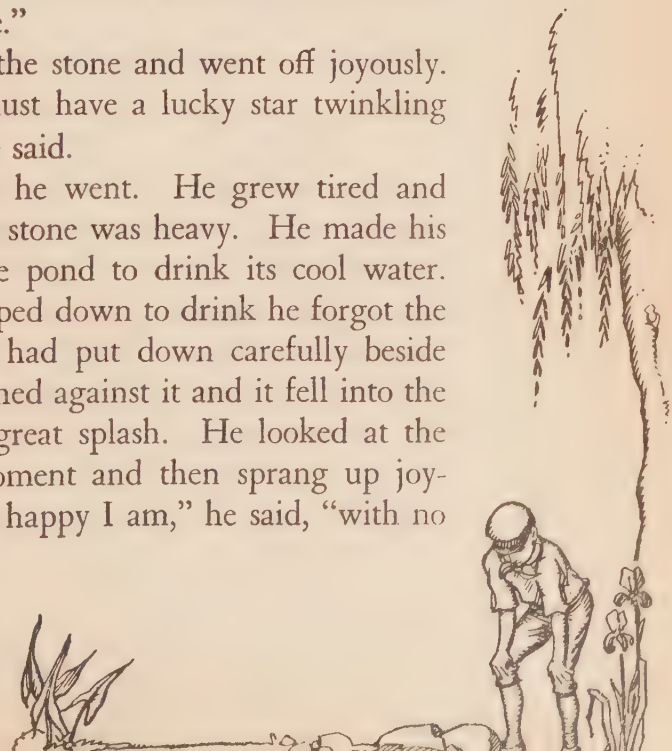
"I would not ask for more than that old goose to tell you how to get a grindstone easily," said the grinder.

"Take it—take it gladly," said Hans, "only tell me quickly where I can find a grindstone."

The grinder walked along the road and found a common stone lying in the ditch. "Here is a fine stone. Manage it well and you can sharpen an old nail so that it will cut as well as a knife."

Hans took the stone and went off joyously. "My, but I must have a lucky star twinkling above me," he said.

On and on he went. He grew tired and hungry. The stone was heavy. He made his way to a little pond to drink its cool water. But as he stooped down to drink he forgot the stone that he had put down carefully beside him. He pushed against it and it fell into the pond with a great splash. He looked at the pool for a moment and then sprang up joyously. "How happy I am," he said, "with no



He looked at the pool a moment

more of that ugly heavy old stone to bother me. No one has ever been so lucky as I am." So with a light heart, free of all trouble, and with empty hands, foolish Hans reached his mother's house.

SING! SONG!

Sing song! Merry go round,
Here we go up to the moon, Oh!
Little Johnnie a penny has found,
And so we'll sing a tune, Oh!
What shall I buy?
Johnny did cry,
With the penny I've found
So bright and round?
What shall I buy?
A kite that will fly
Up to the moon, all through the sky!
But if, when it gets there,
It should stay in the air,
Or the man in the moon
Should open the door,
And take it in with his long, long paw,
We should sing to another tune, Oh!

FAMOUS JOHNS IN AMERICA

JOHN CABOT was the first man to touch the mainland of North America. He reached the coast of Labrador in 1497.

Captain John Smith founded the first English colony in America. It was Jamestown Colony, and dates from about 1607. John Smith was a soldier and adventurer. He guided the new colony, saw that it was properly fortified, made trips of exploration to discover new streams, new forests, and food for the settlers. The most famous story told about him is how Pocahontas, the daughter of the great Indian chief Powhatan, saved him from death at the hands of her people. In a famous diary that this early settler left, he tells of the trials and hardships of the first years of our country.

John Alden was one of the Pilgrims who

Pocahontas saved him from death

came over in the Mayflower and formed the brave little colony at Plymouth in 1620.

John Winthrop was the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony at Boston in 1630. The Puritans who made this settlement re-elected him governor twelve times.

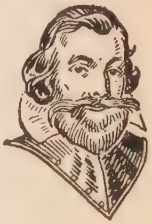
Three presidents of the United States have been named John. One was the second president of the United States and was descended from John Alden, the Pilgrim. This was John Adams, born at Quincy, Massachusetts, on October 30, 1735. Besides being president of his country, he was a member of the committee that framed the Declaration of Independence and he was one of the men who signed it. He was president of his country from 1797-1801.

John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, was the sixth president of the United States. He served his country from 1825-1829. Once when John Quincy Adams was a little boy he stood on a hilltop with his mother and watched the battle of Bunker Hill. Perhaps this was the beginning of his patriotism. He was a brave and fearless youth, and when he

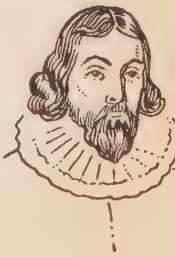
was only nine years old he was his mother's post boy, riding eleven miles to Boston to get news for her.

John Tyler, the other John who served as the first man of his country, was president from 1841-1845.

John Marshall, born in Virginia on September 24, 1755, was a frontier lad and minute man who later became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and explained the meaning of the Constitution to the people after it was written.



John Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, signed with such a flourish that ever since men have called a signature "John Hancock" in fun.



There are two famous authors in America named John. John Greenleaf Whittier, born at Haverhill, Massachusetts in 1807, is one. Probably the first poem of his that you will read is "Snowbound," which is a picture of a typical New England winter that he must have seen many times himself.

John Burroughs, a poet and author and

naturalist, was born at Roxbury, New York, on April 3, 1837. He has written many true and vivid accounts of the wonders of Nature.

Two famous actors in America named John are John Drew and John Barrymore.

Famous rich men in America named John are: Colonel John Jacob Astor, born at Ferncliff, Rhinbeck-on-the-Hudson, July 13, 1864, and John Pierpont Morgan, the great banker who was born at Hartford, Connecticut, on April 13, 1837.

John D. Rockefeller, the Oil King, was born at Richford, New York, on July 8, 1839.

John Wanamaker, often called the Merchant Prince, and founder of the two great department stores in Philadelphia and New York called by his name, was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 11, 1837.

Three famous Johns of our own time are John A. Roebling who built Brooklyn Bridge, John L. Sullivan, one of the most famous world's pugilist champions, and John McGraw, the Manager of the New York National League Baseball Team.

There are many other Johns, of course, that we have not mentioned. But we cannot close the list of the most famous Johns in America without adding one more to it. John J. Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in the World War, is one of the greatest Johns of all. Born in the small town of Laclede, Missouri, on September 30, 1860, this John studied hard because curiously he was interested in being a teacher. He did teach for awhile before he enrolled at West Point. But once he had joined the ranks of the marching men, he never left them for the schoolroom again. He was a born soldier. He reached the highest ranks in the battalions of all his classes and he was chosen President of his class by his fellow students, proving his popularity with the boys as well as with the instructors.

When he left West Point, he entered a series of military endeavors and his most brilliant success was in his campaigns in the Philippines. When President Wilson chose him to lead the troops of our country in the World War, all

who knew Pershing agreed that he was a very fine choice.

Arriving in France, the keen-faced general was met by kindly Joffre, the French general. Men watched them and heard Joffre's words of welcome and wondered what Pershing would say to France in the name of the Americans. The General marched to the tomb of Lafayette and placed a wreath there. Then he turned and made the speech the onlookers had waited for so eagerly. When his words came, men were startled by their simplicity: "Lafayette, we are here," Pershing said.

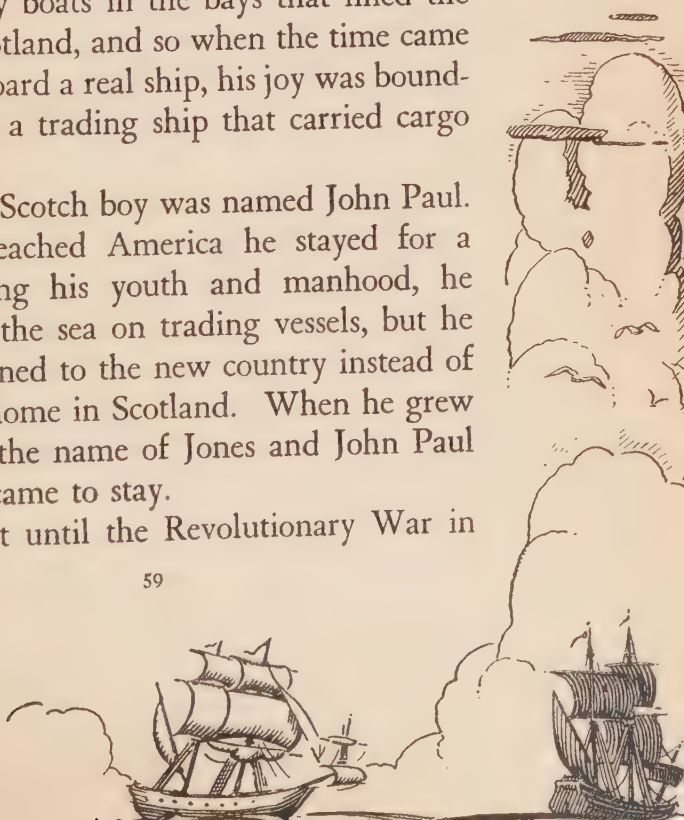
It was a fine message, spoken in memory of the brave Frenchman named Lafayette who long before had gone to the aid of struggling young America. Pershing had told the French in four words that the American troops were ready now to stand by France in her hour of need as she had once stood by America.

JOHN PAUL JONES

MANY years ago a ship set sail for Virginia from British shores. On board was a young apprentice about twelve years old, glorying in his first adventure at sea. All through the days of his childhood he had sailed his toy boats in the bays that lined the shores of Scotland, and so when the time came for him to board a real ship, his joy was boundless. It was a trading ship that carried cargo to Virginia.

The little Scotch boy was named John Paul. When he reached America he stayed for a visit. During his youth and manhood, he often sailed the sea on trading vessels, but he always returned to the new country instead of to his own home in Scotland. When he grew up he took the name of Jones and John Paul Jones he became to stay.

It was not until the Revolutionary War in



1775 that John Paul Jones joined the navy. He began his career at sea as a lieutenant on the ship "Alfred." Sailing the high seas in this little ship, he was the first man to fly the flag of the United States on the waters. The flag that topped the mast of the "Alfred" was the first real American flag. It was called the "Grand Union," and it bore the English crosses of St. Andrew and St. George combined to form the "Union" in the upper left hand corner. It had thirteen alternate red and white stripes to represent the thirteen original colonies of the United States.

Two years later, Congress resolved that the flag of the United States should be red, white and blue, with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars to represent the original thirteen colonies.

Almost as soon as the new flag was accepted, John Paul Jones set forth on a ship that carried its colors. The ship was the "Ranger" and it sailed to a French harbor where John Paul Jones saw the stars and stripes receive the first salute that was ever given to the American flag by a foreign nation.

John Paul Jones was known as the greatest seaman of his time and fought many sea battles

From this time on John Paul Jones fought notable sea battles and was known as the greatest seaman of his time. He was far more than a rough adventurer who loved the sea. He loved his newly adopted country as well. He was devoted to the navy he commanded and he must have felt that the flag was dearer to him than to any other man for he had hoisted it on a ship for the first time and he had seen it saluted by a foreign nation for the first time. "I have ever looked out for the honour of the American flag," he said, and the generations of Americans who have followed after John Paul Jones have never forgotten the part he played in the days when the flag was new.

JOHNNY

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

WITHDRAWN

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